

BITS O' BRONZE


by

H. C. Mason

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BITS O' BRONZE

By **H. C. MASON**

With Preface by

HON. E. C. DRURY

Sketches by

D. C. MCARTHUR



THOMAS ALLEN, *Publisher*
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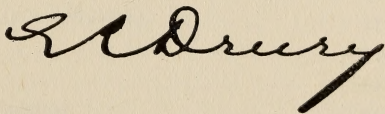
TO
WILLIAM EDGAR MARTIN
Canadian Infantry

KILLED IN ACTION
AUGUST 12, 1916.

PREFACE

One ex-student of the Ontario Agricultural College wrote "BITS O' BRONZE"; another illustrated it. Most of the sketches now collected under that title were written originally for the O.A.C. Review, and it is the demand from the undergraduate body of the O.A.C., which has led to their publication in book form. They are naturally filled with the little local touches which turn the thought of the ex-collegian back to college days. The proceeds from the first edition are devoted to the establishment of a permanent Memorial Scholarship at the O.A.C. "BITS O' BRONZE" is therefore distinctly an O.A.C. book, and as an alumnus of the grey old College on the Hill, I am glad to be able to add my "Bit" to the collection.

It is not, however, a purely local book, nor is its interest confined to the student—veteran from whose viewpoint it was written. It is worth reading for itself, for its humour and pathos and whimsical originality.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "R. Drury". The script is cursive and fluid, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

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D.C. McARTHUR
37-7-30

- Labor Troubles at Camelot -
- The Master-Armourer refuses to work on
a non-Union-made suit -

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HIS FRIEND, THE ADMIRAL

“**T**HAT Con McKee is some lad,” remarked my friend the Graduate. He leaned back, smiling reminiscently, and stared into the incandescent heart of the open fireplace. I hastened to assent.

“He certainly is; what’s he been up to now?”

“Oh, nothing much out of the ordinary,” the Graduate replied, sinking deeper into the comfortable depths of the big armchair. “Nothing much; I was just thinking of the last time I went out to his place. Con’s farming out here about fifteen miles on the radial, you know, and it’s a fine spot to spend a week-end; so I took a run out to see the old boy a few days ago. Mrs. Con—I don’t think you ever met her—mighty fine girl, that—and say! Can she cook? Can she—? Can a duck swim?”—He lapsed into silence. The wood-flame leaped and crackled, the clock ticked, the lights

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and shadows danced upon the walls, the wind rattled the windows and shook the heavy hangings at the door, but still he sat gazing into the glowing centre of the fire. At last I was forced to break in upon his memories of gustatorial delight.

"Come out of it!" said I.

He roused himself with a certain lingering regretfulness. "Where was I?—Oh, yes—Mrs. Con told me that Con had gone over to the neighbor's to get a pig on some dicker or other they had under way. She said he'd soon be back, and would I wait in the house? However, I thought I'd take a stroll around the place and maybe help Con unload his acquisition, so I shifted to breeches and boots and went out to the barn. Just as I got into the barnyard, there was Con driving in at the other gateway; he had the pig in a box on the stoneboat and was sitting on the lid of the box to hold him down.

"You know how Con takes things. 'Just in time, Bill!' says he. 'This is a remarkably active young razorback and I hereby create you Deputy-Lord-High-Warden of the Piggeries. Help me get the rascalion into his pen, and then we can talk things over. My hired man left last week so I'm short-handed—but what's the use of worrying? I'll bet they used to have labor troubles

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at Camelot and Troy, even though the poets don't mention it!'

"So we lifted the box off the stoneboat and set it down for a minute while Con tied up the horse. 'I suppose the best way's to carry the box right in and let him out inside the pen,' I suggested. 'Shucks, no,' said Con. 'You lift up the cover an' I'll grab him by the hindlegs and we'll make him go in under his own power, wheelbarrow style.'

"That was a good enough idea, but it was like a lot of other good ideas—it wouldn't work. That pig was just like an eel, and he weighed a good hundred and ten pounds. Con got him out of the box all right, but he must have loosened his grip to secure a fresh hold; there was a wrench and a squeal, and away went Mr. Pig like all possessed.

"I stood there and roared like—well, anything you like! Con saw the funny side of it, too, and we sat down together on the box and cackled at each other for about four or five minutes. Then we had a lively time trying to round up our young friend. We'd get him almost up to the doorway, and away he'd go again. Finally we got him cornered between us and the strawstack. I took a running dive at him and missed—that pig was certainly fast on his trotters;

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he could get away from a standstill in any direction without warning. I rolled over just in time to see Con nail him with a beautiful flying tackle—you remember how he used to get them around the ankles? Same old grass-skimmer—. Of course the porker plunged like a wild horse, but Con had him firmly this time and trundled him off on his forefeet to the pen. The pig was screeching to high heaven, and Con kept talking to him reprovingly. 'Poor football!' says Con. 'Very poor football! Never run back from your line of scrimmage like that!' And so on; it was as good as a circus to hear the two of them.—

"A minute later Con came back, grinning to himself and picking straws off his sweater coat. 'I rather gather that he's going to protest the game,' he said. 'I never thought that Rugby would be any use to me out here on the farm, but look at that! There's one of the advantages of college education! Equips you to meet all sorts of situations. I haven't had so much fun since the evening I spent with my friend the Admiral in London!'"

"'Your friend the Admiral!' I said. 'When did you start moving in such exalted circles?' For I knew Con had been a buck-gunner overseas, and we didn't usually

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associate very closely with the powers-that-be.

“ ‘Didn’t I ever tell you about my friend the Admiral?’ asked Con. ‘Quite a character, my friend the Admiral!’ So we sat down on the box beside the strawstack, and he told me the yarn. I can’t imitate Con as a story-teller, but I’ll try to give you the gist of it.”—

Leaning forward he began to stir the dying fire to a brighter blaze. Swarms of vivid red and golden sparks swirled upward in momentary lines of fire. The wind roared in the chimney and a cloud of rolling blue smoke puffed out into the room. Through the curling haze his bending figure loomed dimly as he heaved at the charred and knotted chunks. Then the fire-tongues caught, hesitated, and shot up into a clear crackling blaze. Delicate wavering traceries of fire ate lacy patterns through the encrusted soot of the hearth walls. We sat silent, watching the leap and urge of the flames, dreaming of long-forgotten firesides and half-remembered friends. A few sparks still whirled upward, and something snapped with a clear report. The Graduate shook himself slightly, and sank back into the hollows of the chair.

“Well,” he said, and stopped again. I

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waited silently. At last he stirred and crossed his knees.

"It seems that Con was going on London leave a month or so after the Armistice," said he. "And there was to be a conference of Y.M.C.A. representatives from all the different units of the O.M.F. at about that same time, so Con with his usual enterprise represented himself to his O.C. as an ardent "Y" worker and wangled an extension and part of his expenses out of it. Can you beat that? 'Not luck,' says Con modestly. 'Just good management!' I believe him; it must have taken a considerable amount of management to put anything like that over old Brasso. However, Con got away with it, and off he went to London as a duly-accredited chocolate soldier. I don't know how many meetings he attended—not very many if I know Con,—but he had to appear at a big banquet one evening as he was down for a speech on what the "Y" had done in his brigade. He waded through the speech somehow—said he had 'em all on the verge of tears over the generous self-sacrifice displayed by some fellow he knew. This nameless hero went on sick parade one morning and got medicine and duty as usual. Just as he was turning away he heard the M.O. telling the next chap in the line

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that they'd just run out of number Thirteens; so he turned back, with the last pill in his hand, according to Con, and said in a voice vibrant with emotion: 'Take it; thy necessity is greater than mine!' Con said he used that to show what a tremendous change the "Y" was capable of making in the ordinary selfish soldier, and to what heights of sacrifice the human spirit was capable of rising. Sounds like Con, doesn't it?

"After he'd sat down and they'd recovered themselves somewhat, the chap sitting next him asked what he was going to do next day. Con said he hadn't anything planned, and just then the waitress, a very neat and pretty girl, chipped in over his shoulder and asked him if he'd care to come to tea with her people somewhere out Golder's Green way. Con didn't have any alibi ready to wriggle out with, so he told her he'd be delighted.

"Next afternoon Con looked up the place she'd given him as her home address. He said he was thankful that the uniform was always in order as proper dress, for the house was a regular palace and her people were simply overwhelming. Her father was one of the biggest bankers in London, and here she was working in a "Y" hostel. You've got to hand it to those English girls."

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He paused; evidently he expected comment.

"Some of 'em, anyway," said I.

"All of 'em!" he replied defiantly; then observing my conciliating air, resumed: "After tea the young lady asked him if he'd like to take in a theatre—she had two tickets for one of the big shows—Chu-Chin Chow or Maid of the Mountains or something. 'Delighted!' said Con. And then she enquired if he could drive a Vauxhall. 'Ah—delighted!' said Con again—he told me that by that time he'd forgotten there was any other word in the English language. Now Con didn't know any more about driving a Vauxhall than I do, but he wasn't going to let on to her that there was one solitary thing in the world that he couldn't do right to a frazzle. The girl went upstairs to fuss up, and Con went out and fiddled with the levers of the Vauxhall. By the time she came down he knew enough to get started and shift gears, and the rest he learned by experimenting on the way downtown.

"Well, finally he manoeuvred through the traffic to the theatre and parked the car. They went in together and Con looked around for an usher—she'd given him the tickets; but at first he didn't see one any-

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where near. Then he caught sight of one leaning against the wall in a recess, so he asked the girl to wait a minute, and went over. It was dark in the corner, and Con didn't notice much about the fellow except that he had on a gorgeous blue uniform with yards of gold lace. Con poked the tickets at him and the old chap—he was pretty well on in years,—took them and looked at them in a kind of confused way. Con thought he was probably new to the job from the way he handled them, so he explained quietly that he'd like the usher to show them to their seats. The man goggled at him in an owl-like fashion, and Con decided that he must be drunk. 'Come on; a few signs of life! Don't keep the lady waiting!' says Con sharply. The usher pulled himself together and started off, with Con following: and as soon as they stepped out into the light near the girl she gave a little scream of delight and rushed at him,—the usher, not Con. 'Why, Admiral Tomkins!' she cries, 'When did you return?'

"Con felt like crawling underneath the carpet, but there was no getting away. He goggled at the Admiral in just the same way the Admiral had stared at him a moment before; and the first thing he knew the girl was introducing him as 'Mr. McKee,

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from Canada.' The Admiral was a good old sport; he shook hands with Con very gravely, and expressed himself as very pleased to meet Mr. McKee from Canada. Then he looked down at the tickets he was still holding. The girl regarded Con rather queerly at that, but he was too far gone to care what happened next. 'If you young people will permit me,' says the Admiral, 'I shall try to secure a stall'. And he bowed and went out into the promenade.

"While he was gone the girl told Con about Admiral Tomkins. He was an old friend of the family who had rejoined the Navy at the outbreak of the war and had been out on the Singapore station ever since. She was very glad to see him, and Con was just as pleased that she didn't know anything about his break, although he was afraid she suspected it. He was debating whether to tell her or not when the Admiral came back. 'I could not secure a stall,' states the Admiral. 'But I have three seats together in the orchestra.' So down they went, and Con said he noticed on the way that his first suspicion was correct: the Admiral *was* drunk—not unpleasantly drunk, but just enough to be amiable—which was perhaps just as well for Con.

"Con knew the show was a good one,

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but that was about all he did know about it. There he was, a full private, with an Admiral on one side, a girl he was mortally desirous of pleasing on the other, and Staff-Colonels and Brigade-Majors all around him. And then to make it worse the Admiral started to talk. He asked Con what part of Canada he came from, and when Con told him, he wanted to know if Con had ever met Hubert Graham-Carr. Con ought to know our old friend Biscuits if anybody did, because he roomed with him in his first year—do you remember some of those performances of theirs on Upper Panton? Well, the Admiral adopted him as a son right away,—he and Graham-Carr's father had been middies together sometime back in the '60's.

“At the intermission the Admiral went out and came back more talkative than ever. Con and the girl did their utmost to choke him off but they couldn't get him stopped. He talked about Canada, and the Mediterranean, and Singapore, and the South Seas, and why the Australians don't like Japan, and birds of paradise, and the best kit for tropical voyages, and anything else that popped into his head. And finally some lady behind them, who wanted to hear what was going on upon the stage, not what Graham-Carr and the Admiral



-The Admiral-

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did in 1868, remarked very caustically that she did wish those Colonial Tommies could be taught to know their place. Con said he didn't blame her for being peeved, but he thought she might have picked on the one who was responsible for the racket. Anyway, the Admiral heard her.

“ ‘Madam,’ says the Admiral, getting to his feet and turning to face the audience, ‘I may not resent aspersions upon myself but no one—no one, you understand,—shall reflect upon my young friend here while I am by. He is a young man of sterling character, and one whom I am proud to claim as my friend. Furthermore he is one, as his uniform indicates,—one of those gallant fighting-men who rushed to the defense of this old island of ours, and to whom we are so deeply indebted. My young friend—.’ He was away; nothing could stop him. The management didn't dare throw a full Admiral out, no matter how full he was; so he went right on defending his young friend and held up the whole show for a good five minutes. At first everybody was down on the old boy, but by the time he had talked himself into good humor again they were laughing and cheering. Con could feel himself going purple up the back of his neck, and he

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couldn't trust himself to look at the girl. At last the Admiral bowed, drunk but very dignified, and sat down. The actors picked up from where they'd broken off and the show went on without a hitch.— Great people, those English," said my friend.

"Some of 'em," said I.

"All of 'em!" he retorted; then went on: "That finished the evening for Con and the girl. As soon as they could get away decently they sneaked out and lost the Admiral in the lobby. Con drove her home, apologized as well as he could, and beat it. The next day he went back to the battery."

"Another budding romance all shot," I remarked. "I suppose he never heard of the girl again?"

"Never heard of her?" said the Graduate. "Why, didn't I tell you?—She's Mrs. Con!"

NEXT!

“NEXT!” said the barber.

“Me?” we inquired, doubtfully.

(We never can remember these minor points of grammar until it's too late; besides, we are no snob, even though we do live out of Residence.)

“Yes, you!” said the barber.

Sheepishly we arose and removed our collar. Now that collar had been perfectly clean that morning, and yet, when we took it off,—oh, well! You know how a collar always is when you take it off in a barber shop! Innate perversity or congenital cussedness, or something like that,—’s the only explanation.

Then we strode manfully across the room to the chair; at least we tried to stride, and we actually did get in a stride or two, but just as we were getting the swing of it, of course we tripped over someone's feet. That's always the way; did you ever notice it? Sure as shooting, somebody's feet are always sticking out in the way; and then they pull 'em in and look at you kind of injured-

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like and superior, and you feel small and awkward and slink across the floor, and by the time you get to the chair you're so rattled you don't know whether its a shave or a haircut you want, and you wind up by having both, *and* a massage, *and* a singe, *and* a tonic, *and* a Turkish bath, if they've got one, and the whole blame works. You know how it goes? Sure you do!

We used to be that way, but long experience has taught us painful lessons. Nowadays when we stumble over the usual feet, we assume a lordly Prussian air, glare irascibly at the offending owner, growl angrily to ourself, and push on before he gets time to say anything. We don't know just what we'd do if anyone should call our bluff, but so far we've got away with it. The great advantage of this scheme is that you're so busy acting the part that you forget about being embarrassed, and so you can engage the barber on even terms. We are prepared to submit figures to show that this simple formula saves us approximately one-eighty-seven every time we enter a barber shop! Last year we saved three-seventy-four from this source alone! Fact!

At last we reached the chair, and heaved ourself into it. "Shave," we said, leaned back, raised our feet, settled ourself com-

NEXT!

fortably, closed our eyes, and prepared to enjoy a few minutes' semi-nap. But it was not to be; that barber was bound to talk!

"Well, whadaya think about this here Irish problem?" he demanded, pressing some mysterious mechanism which disturbed the balance of the chair and left us staring at our boots, which had suddenly appeared above the level of our head. (Shade of Kitchen-er's "submarines!" What a size they are!)

We told him something,—we don't know what,—and resumed the contemplation of our boots. (No doubt about it; we're doomed to wear out army equipment for the rest of our life.)

"Whadaya s'pose Russia's going to do next?"

We tore ourself away from our boots with a sigh. We must resign ourself to it. After careful consideration we told him that we didn't know what Russia would be up to next; that we thought it highly probable—

"What about this Yellow Peril?"

We thought it over. We seemed to be devoid,—singularly devoid,—of ideas upon the Yellow Peril. We told him so.

"Well, what about this Farmer Government?"

"Schluff — spoof — geschellen — shpruck!"

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We replied through a mouthful of lather.

"I think so too," said he, indulgently. "They ain't doing too bad for a bunch of hayseeds." He tested the keenness of the blade upon his thumb, whisked it lightly over the strop, flourished it before our fascinated eyes, and then began to scrape the parboiled skin. (Heavens! What if he should suddenly go mad! Here we are helpless with our feet in the air!—But no! He has a kindly face.)

"Yes, as I always said, you just give a hayseed a chance and he'll show yuh something. Why, you take me, now! Yuh'd hardly think it, but I come from a farm myself! Yessir, I used to follow the simple life,—cows and pigs and chickens 'n everything,—but there wasn't anything in farming for me. No *life*, nothing stirring, nothing exciting, no money coming in; so I left the old man and pulled out where I could see a little cash on the move and something doing every minute. Life, adventure! That's me all over, Mable!"

Strange! We had never before thought of a barber shop as a centre of life and adventure. Surely such a reckless daredevil would have tales to tell of warefare; a roaming disposition, impatience of restraint, First Contingent, Langemarck, Flying Corps, bombing

NEXT!

raids,—

“What outfit were you with overseas, Mac?” we asked.

“Well, I never seemed able to get away, account o’ the business and all. Had almost two thousand dollars tied up here, and it always seemed to me that us business men shouldn’t go till all the slackers went. Gotta keep the business of the country going, yuh know. Never do to let business suffer.”—He changed the subject.

“Say, I went down to market this morning just to see how things were going, and say, d’yuh know, they wanted fifty odd cents for butter. Ain’t it a crime? I can remember when butter used to sell around twenty and twenty-five cents a pound. And everything else skyhigh, too! It’s a shame, I’ll say it is! Talk about profiteers! These hicks are right in the front! They never done anything for the war, and they just rolled in the money hand over fist; and they’re still at it! Fifty-six cents for butter! And I can remember when it was twenty-five!”

By this time he had removed all the lather except that within our left ear, had pulled off our swathing towels, powdered us to a ghastly grey, and with a final jerk shot us into an upright position.

It was mean of us, we know; but we

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thought of the repose which he had disturbed and the excellent philosophical reflections which he had nipped in the reflector, so to speak; and we decided on revenge.

We offered him ten cents!

He stared at us.

We stared at him.

There was a tremendous silence; then—

“Say, brother,” he said, in a pained, incredulous voice, “Shaves are a quarter nowadays. A quarter,—two bits,—twenty-five cents,—you understand?”

“Oh!” said we, with an air of mild surprise. “Well, you see, we can remember when shaves were ten cents each.”

The barber regarded us with shocked disapproval. We could see that his opinion of us was very, very low, indeed. Still observing us intently, as the scientist observes a new and strange form of insect life, he slowly opened his mouth. We awaited the crushing retort—

“Next!” said the barber.

COLLEGE DAYS

THE wounded Canadian pulled himself painfully up into a sitting position, and packed himself around with pillows,—“So’s I won’t do a flip out onto my ear,”—he explained to the man in the next cot. Then he leaned as far to the right as he dared and stretched out his arm toward the locker which stood beside the bed. It was just four inches beyond his finger-tips, and a darting pain warned him that he could reach no further.

He settled the pillows carefully and firmly beneath his armpits, and tried again. Four inches, — three and one-half, — three, — the burning pain stabbed again, and again he drew back. A futile anger seized him, shook him, and passed,—the sudden, unreasoning, nervous anger of the broken man.

Again he drew himself up, punched down the pillows, grasped and turned the iron splint with his left hand, and leaned out precariously to the right. Three and one-half,—*three,—two and one-half,—two,—the*

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bone grated, the pain griped, and he sank back among his pillows, gasping, trembling, with the sweat beading his forehead. Again the anger flared through him, and left him weak and shaken.

The man in the next cot eyed him curiously, comprehendingly. "Silly ass," said he dispassionately. "Why don't you call the nurse? You know dashed well you can't make it."

The Canadian wiped the sweat from his brow. "I know I'm a nut to try it," he said with a wan grin. "But I sure do hate lying here like a mud-turtle in its shell and having to yell for help every time I want anything. It's no bon. Howsomever 'dy' see, there's no help for it.—Hey, Nurse!"

There was no reply.

"Staff-Nurse!" Still there came no answer.

"See-iss-tair darlint!" There was a subdued laugh in the box-like little office at the end of the ward, but no Sister appeared.

"Orderly! He's out-of-bed!" A swish of skirts, a flutter of white head-dress, and the Sister in charge of the ward swept into view. The ward tittered. "I thought that'd fetch you!" said the Canadian. "There's a box from home, a bunch of magazines and a writing pad in the top drawer of the locker there, Sister," he continued. "Would you mind digging 'em out for me, that's a dear?"

COLLEGE DAYS

"Oh you Canadians!" exclaimed the Sister. "You are so exasperating!" But she brought out the drawer's contents, nevertheless, and moved the locker closer to the bed.

"Now the ink, Sister."

"No you don't!" cried the Sister. "Not if I know it! No more shows with the Matron over ink-spots! Use a pencil!"

"All right, Sister. Anything t'oblige a lady! Many a time my father says to me, 'John, never disoblige a lady! Never show disrespect for a lady! Never swear before a lady!' An' I've always remembered it, Sister; you know, I always let the lady swear first, don't I, Sister?"

"Shove a sock in it, Canada!" replied the lady.

"Aw, look here, Sister, you might back a fellow up; you know it's true! D' you know what Jock and I did to the last Sister who wouldn't back us up in our statements? You don't? Well, I'll tell you." He paused impressively. "We married her off! It's a fact! We kidded her into marryin' the M.O. over in George East Ward! We're dangerous, Jock an' I, if we're not treated right!" Again he paused and nodded solemnly.

"Now, Canada, I can't stand here all day listening to your babble," said the Sister, severely. (She had flushed a rosy-red; the

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shot regarding the "M.O. over in George East" had struck home.) "Is there anything else you wish done before I go back to my books?"

"No bad feeling, Sister?" questioned the Canadian, anxiously. "We don't want to lose *you*, you know! Jock an' I wouldn't marry *you* off for the world! We know a peach when we see one, don't we, Jock?—Yes there's one thing you might do, Sister; you might criticize this bit of verse I wrote for you last night.

"In ancient time (so deep browed Homer sings)

When Ilion's lofty turrets fell in flame
And homeward turned to Greece the
Danaan kings

With spoil of victory and deathless fame,
Full many a hero who had borne his part
In battle on the gusty Trojan plain
And unto Fate opposed a steadfast heart
Through war and woe, through combat,
peril, pain,

Fell at the last beneath the Sirens' art,
Bowed at the last unto the Sirens' strain.

"There's no new thing beneath the sun,"
The Hebrew poet phrased it well,
For now *our* Trojan war is won;—
And pray observe the parallel.

COLLEGE DAYS

"The battered veterans of the fight,
Hardy and stern (that's us) and wild,
Demure young ladies clad in white,
(Our modern sirens) have beguiled;
And as to Greeks the Sirens' reef,
—So"

"Well, so sorry you must go, Sister. Have a 'choc.' Go on, have another; they're pre-war or post-bellum or something; anyway they aren't this sawdust and tanbark combination we get over here.—Well, so long!"

The ward chuckled quietly and settled down once more. The daily conversation between "Sister" and "Canada" was over.

The Canadian propped himself up among the pillows once more, balanced the writing pad upon his knee, and commenced his weekly letter home.

'Dear People:' he wrote, slowly and carefully. 'Since last writing I've been transferred to another ward. You'll be glad to hear that this ward is for more promising cases than the other one. Since I've been here, in fact, the death-screens have only been put up around one fellow, and they had to be taken down again at that; the chap wouldn't die! So you see the cases in this ward are much better than in my old one, and I must be improving to get into this

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outfit!' He stopped to rest. "I wonder what they'd think if they knew it was *my* bed the screen went up around," he mused. "Oh well, what they don't know won't hurt 'em."

'This ward is the same as the other;—the same long double line of white cots slung on chains from the ceiling, with the sun pouring in through the windows.' He paused again. The everlasting November rain beat in gusts upon the windows and the wind soughed through the dark and dripping trees without.

'We are a cosmopolitan lot in this ward. The M.O. is a Yank from Yale, the Sister is English, the Staff-Nurse is Scotch, the Night-Sister is Welsh, and the Massage-Sister is Irish. By the way, a lot of fellows are bringing home English brides: I can't say I blame 'em! I'll just tell you right now, Mother, that Night-Sister is sure some pippin!' He grinned. "That'll jar Mother a bit!" said he.

'Then of course, there are the patients. The fellow in the next bed is from Saskatchewan. Everybody calls him 'Jock;' Heaven knows why; he's a 46th Battalion Scout. He got his the same morning I got mine; the bone's broken in practically the same place, too, so we have a great time swapping

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symptoms!'

'The chap on the other side is an Imperial, a Somerset man; he pronounces it "Zoomer-zett," with a burr and a buzz like an alarm clock gone wrong. I laugh at his accent and he laughs at mine, so we get along very well.'

'Just across the ward from me is an Aussie, a tall, raw-boned lad. He has the high Imperial-Roman face which seems to be typical of the Australian. It reminds me of some ancient coin—

"Round pieces stamped with Caesar's face
Or Alexander's awful brow"—'

'Thanks for the box and the "Reviews." The casualty lists in those issues are rather a sickener; the old College is getting an awful going over. This breaking Hindenburg lines and acting as spearhead for the allied armies is all very pretty and will make nice history some day, no doubt; but it's mighty hard on the troops. I see that good old Phil was killed in front of Arras and Mac at Cambrai. The cream of Canada, Mother, the cream of Canada;—and the scum, of course, remains untouched.'

'Well, I'm getting sentimental, so I guess I'd better ring off. Still, it's a bit hard to see my old chums go down in this ghastly muddle. All those years of work and growth

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and preparation, and then—crash! Look at it! . . .

‘Well, I must stop for this time.’ Remember, I don’t want you imagining all sorts of stuff about me; I’m all right! I’m going strong, like Johnny Walker, and getting stronger every day; I wouldn’t be surprised if the ‘Doc’ (as Jock calls him, to the horror of the Staff-Nurse), would let me out of splint in a week or two. The pain is practically all over now; just an occasional slight twinge, that’s all. Best of love to yourselves and the kids; I suppose they’ll be so grown-up I won’t know them when I get home a few weeks from now.’

He stopped, laid down the pencil, and scanned the manuscript critically. It was undeniably true that some of the lines sprawled rather uncertainly across the page; the letters were large, ill-formed and wobbly; but on the whole it was a fairly creditable production. “Not so bad as the first ones from Boulogne, anyway,” he muttered philosophically: “They looked as if a spider had fallen into the ink.”

He re-read the letter carefully. Yes, on the whole it should convey a fairly decent impression; it should hold them contented for another week at least.

A sudden rush of self-admiration struck

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him; he groaned in a half-ecstasy of pain and laughter. “*What a liar!—What a pluperfect liar!—Simply gorgeous! Lad, you should be sellin’ real estate! ‘Man! Am I no’ a bonny fechter!’*” He lay back and chuckled softly to himself, with the chuckle dying away into a gasp as a fresh wave of pain swirled over him; and then, battling his way through it, he laughed at himself for chuckling.—“Going chuckle-headed,” he thought. “But oh, lady, we sure can lie!” . . .

That evening from an improvised platform the Royal Extravaganza Concert Party entertained the patients of George West Ward. “Roses of Picardy” was greeted with the usual applause; “If You Were the Only Girl” called forth sustained, if feeble, cheering. Then the orchestra drifted into an unfamiliar tune, and a single voice took up the air;—

“*College days, College days,*”—

The young Canadian started violently; the calipers tore through the tortured flesh, and the jagged ends of the shattered bone ground sickeningly over one another; the clutching agony wrung him and left him limp among his high-piled pillows. But he was not heeding these things of every day; he was listening with strained intensity to

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the lilting chorus:—

*“Days you never will regret,
Days you never can forget.”—*

After all, he was only a boy; and the ways of war are hard. The great tears slowly welled into his eyes and rolled, one by one, down his white and pain-racked face.—

“Dear old, fair old, rare old College Days!”

The Sodbusters' spirited opening chorus was proving a most decided success; the young lady from Macdonald was therefore very properly surprised to observe her companion staring grimly and fixedly at nothingness.

“What is it?” said she, somewhat alarmed at his strange, remote expression.

“Oh,—er—nothing of any importance; I was—just thinking—”

“College days, College days,”—lilted the chorus.

FINALS

"The Melancholy Days are Come,
The Saddest of the Year."

WHAT! In Springtime, you ask? Yes, worse luck, in Springtime, O my friend; for the Spring brings Examinations, and we gay grasshoppers who have reversed the seasons and have danced all winter, must now face the Day of Destiny. There is a drowsy mournfulness and melancholy in thus making amends for a mis-spent past when all the Out-of-Doors is calling insistently to come out—come out—come out, and spend the present in like manner. Oh, for a canoe on a day like this, and the sunlight sifting through branches into cool brown translucent water; or boot and spur and creaking saddle-leather again, with a clear path ahead; or a motorboat heading into the waves with the wind humming in the ears and the spray slapping over. The ever-renewed magic of Spring is in the air and in the heart; small wonder that we squirm when recalled to the grim reality of Majors and Minors and Fifty Percent!

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We gaze out longingly, lingeringly, upon the soft blurred beauty of the misty-leaved trees, until our gaze and thought grow likewise blurred and misty; we see the good brown earth once more faintly steaming in the warm sunlight, and the delicate lines of green upspringing; a vividly-breasted Robin sways in a bending tree-top, looking in at us with side-tilted head and bright pitying eye; an auto shoots past, high-whirling dust-clouds in its wake: the sun strikes glitteringly through them; far away a plow-team stands clear cut against the skyline, and we wonder idly what manner of man their master may be, and whether he, too, dreams as he follows the turning furrow; a small boy clatters cheerily by, and we envy him his twelve years and his carefree whistle; and how hazy and vague that elm-tree looks, and how wistful its drooping branches; and a Mac girl passes with an armload of books; we would rather like to carry those books for her, just as an excuse to discover whether or not her eyes are blue, the deep blue of those crocuses down there at her feet or of that patch of sky between the two white drifting clouds above her head. She carries her head well, that fair young Canadian lass; there is something straight and clean and free about her; if

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only we were not so busy—so busy?

Helmeted Head of Pericles! Look at the time! Twenty minutes to go and we are only at the fifth question!—"Define dialysis;" what in Himmel is dialysis, anyway? Never heard of the deleted thing before; that must have been the lecture when Doc was trying to tell us how to water a horse and got us all twisted up in our own eloquence. Well, wouldn't that stop a clock!— . . . She walks well, too, and the sunlight glints from her hair—eyes straight to the front, looking on their own level—the old army parrot-formula. Wonder where the Sergeant-Major is now—he wasn't a bad old head, after all; his bark was far worse than his bite. And that boy who drove the lead-team on the first-line wagon for a while—the one who was hit that night in the sunken road at Vis-en-Artois; the night the lorries were smashed up and flamed sky-high for hours, and the Fourth Divvy infantry lay in the ditches and cursed for kilos back;—wonder if he came through all right? Thought we'd never get out of that mix-up when the off-lead went down and the big blacks piled up over him and we had to cut them loose in the dark: talk about "wounded horses kicking and snorting purple foam; right well did such a couch befit a Consular of Rome!" We're

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just an ordinary windy Canadian buck-driver, and it never appealed to us at all, somehow or other.—

“Colloids, Brownian movement;” what in the name of Brasso are they doing on a Chemistry paper? Couldn't he find enough Chemistry we don't know without ringing in a lot of Physics as well?— Ten minutes to go— . . . Pretty sheepish looking bunch of seniors, all right; most of 'em look as if they wish now that they'd done a little work in the odd half-hour; read “Hopkins,” say, or opened “Kellner” once or twice, or learned how to pronounce “Gide” without stammering—so do we;—too many week-ends at home; queer how many fellows live in Toronto, isn't it? Never realized it until we bumped into five of 'em one Saturday afternoon on Yonge Street. Devoted family-men, too; all taking their sister to the matinee; mighty good looking sisters, too, as sisters go; why is it s'm'other fellow's sister is always so much more interesting than your own?—

Must be the same fascination that makes so many think the English Spring more entrancing than our own time of flowers; it's a wonderful land in spring, Merrie England in good truth, but Canadian sunlight and maples have a glamor of their own as well.

FINALS

—Behind that line of trees there: just a last flutter of color—There! She's gone!—

“Time, gentlemen! Hand in your papers!”

Examinations, and the Spring!



“—The *Only* Refreshment Baw in the Towah!”

THE REFRESHMENT BAR

THE tall Canadian settler grinned reflectively as he slapped at a mosquito. "Yuh know, they ain't much to be said fur a muskeetah, but yuh gotta hand it to 'em for one thing, anyway; they're *persistant*. Plaguey little brutes: always at yuh an' no let up to 'em till you land 'em one;—like that!—Seems to me that's what they're here fur,—kinda remind us that stayin' with it is the only way to break even."

"Yuh take this place now." He grinned again. "Why, say, yuh oughta seen it when I took over here. Stumps! My gosh! I'll say so! *An'* thistles! Well, I ain't got rid of 'em all yet, but—well, all I c'n say is,—yuh oughta seen it!— Well, now yuh take it as it stands: not a bad proposition, now is it? *An'* the only thing that changed it was persistency, an' a little gumption and hard work. Why, here just this week there's a moving picture fella comes along and wants

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to take a picture of the place;—said he could get some good views down the slough, an' me as a typical soldier bucklin' into civilian life again, an' usin' war-time knowledge of explosives to blow out stumps, an' so on an' so on; an' when I showed him the shrapnel marks on the old mare out there in the pasture—there she is, just left of the tall stub, the one with the holes in it, leanin' over there, your right front,—see it? Looks like an observation post in difficulties, don't it?—Well, anyway, when I showed him the old wound marks an' the Gov'ment brand, he like to have a fit! He was goin' to make a reg'lar serial out o' me and her. He may do it yet, too:"—he grinned again resignedly:—"gotta hand it to him; that chap's got Persistency!"

"Say! That reminds me! Here, sit down on the stoop an' light up yer pipe;—we'll make a smudge between us'll keep 'em off. Ain't they the everlastin' and tarnation limit? Buzz-zz-zz! Go it, yuh pesky little pests! I'll have oil on that slough next year an' spoil yer fun! Fella up here coupla weeks ago name-a Hearle; d'yuh know him?—Oh, sure, yuh would; he's an O.A.C. chap. Well, what that fella don't know about muskeetahs ain't worth knowin'; why, say, he keeps 'em for pets, an' has

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guinea pigs for them to feed on!—Fact! Says he used to let 'em chaw *him* up, but they were too blamed enthusiastic over it, so he uses guinea-pigs instead nowadays. Well, he was telling me there's twenty varieties of muskeetahs, an' only two of the twenty attack man. 'N' I says to him, 'What's the matter with the others?' 'N' he says, 'Some of 'em haven't got the right kind o' mouth-parts, an' some are too timid!' Say! If you ever meet a timid muskeetah just let me know, will yuh? Thanks!—

"Well,—oh, yes!—I was goin' to tell you about the old boy in the Tower of London. Persistency was his middle name. Yuh know, I was on leave from France, just the time of Passchendaele, an' I only had about six-seven pounds, an' I wanted to see all they is to see of London before I went back to the mud. So I took in all the free sights, an' I nursed that six-seven pounds along like's if I come from Hamilton or Toronto, which I don't, thank Heaven! Not that I got anything against Hamilton or Toronto, yuh know, but them two cities give me a pain, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

"Well, one day I went up to the Tower, an' they told off one of the Beef-Eaters to show me around. Well, sir, he was a very

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good-spoken old lad, with a kind of beacon-light face on him; one o' this here kind of younger son that joins such outfits for free clothes an' an easy time; an' as soon as I claps eyes on him, I says to myself, 'Here goes the price of a drink if he can snaffle it.' So just to worry the old chap I never offered him a 'refresher,' but just slipped him a half-crown an' told him to lead on. So off he starts."

He paused to light his pipe, and the match-light beat upon his kindly bronzed features. Then the match went out, and he took up the tale, with the glowing pipe-bowl brightening and dying in the soft summer darkness.



"'Now here,' he says, 'Here right in front of you is the Refreshment Baw, the *only* Refreshment Baw in the Towah! Many a time did Sir Walter Raleigh, when that nobleman was confined in the Towah, slake his thirst at that self-same Refreshment Baw! And when the late King Edward visited the

THE REFRESHMENT BAW

Towah he did likewise; and so have many other great and noted men; and it's the only Refreshment Baw in the Towah!

“Now, I'm not very sure of my directions, so I may get some of 'em mixed; but this was the way the old Beef-Eater showed me over the Tower. He goes on, an' he says: 'Now this iron contrivance is the portcullis, designed to block the great gateway, as you can see; and as you face the portcullis, directly behind you is the Refreshment Baw, the only Refreshment Baw in the Towah!' An' then he takes me up the stairs, an' shows me where Sir Walter wrote his History of the World, an' the doorway by which he went out to be executed, an' the promenade where he used to ponder over the next chapter or his plans against the Spaniards, an' then he says, 'And the Refreshment Baw is now to your left and below you, the only Refreshment Baw in the Towah!'

“Then we went up to the Bloody Tower, and he shows me where the two young princes were buried, and then where all the old implements of torture were kept, and then he winds up by saying,—‘And as you face the thumb-screw yonder, the Refreshment Baw is now to your right and below you,—the only Refreshment Baw in the Towah!’

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“Well, sir, he took me all over the Tower, and that’s the way it went everywhere, and finally we took in the Crown Jewels; and there was the great Sword of State, an’ the Crown, and all sorts of jewels by the bucketful; an’ there was the big—now,—‘Kohinoor’ diamond, is it, or ‘Cullinan?’ Doesn’t matter, anyway;—there it was aflickering and ablazing, an’ the Beef-Eater says, ‘And as you face the great diamond, directly beneath you is the Refreshment Baw, the only Refreshment Baw in the Towah!’

“That did it! Says I, ‘You win; lead us to the Refreshment Baw, the only Refreshment Baw in the Towah!’ And he kinda sighs, relieved-like, an’ pulls down his waistcoat, and says, ‘Very-good sir; but do you know, I was beginning to feah you were one of these blighted limejuicehs!’”

The narrator’s voice trailed away into silence; a little wind shook the leaves overhead and ruffled the moonlit silver of the slough; the deep crimson spark of the pipe waxed and waned, the little faint smoke-clouds floated slowly upward; and a mosquito jabbed me viciously in the back of the neck.

“Well?” I said, raising a hasty vengeful hand.

“Yes,” said the settler thoughtfully, “Yuh gotta hand it to muskeetahs; they sure are persistent!”

HUMAN INTEREST

THE Lady-Who-Condscends-to-Criticize looked up from the "Review." "I observe that there is very little human interest in these articles of yours," said she.

"Um-er," quoth the Veteran, brightly. His feet on the mantel-piece, his teeth in an apple, and his eyes and mind on Leacock's latest, he did not wish to cross verbal swords with the lady. Why argue when you are perfectly comfortable? Absurd!

"Algernon!" said his critic, sharply.

The Veteran groaned after the fashion of interrupted readers the world over, and reluctantly removed his attention from the adventures of the dashing Captain Eggleston Lee Carey Randolph. After all, she was his aunt.

"Algernon, I do wish you wouldn't bury yourself so in books," continued the lady. "I'll wager you haven't the faintest idea of that last remark of mine."

"Quite right, dear and respected old miss," retorted the Veteran. "And while we're at complaints, I wish you'd lay off that Algernon

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stuff. Some names are enough to embitter a fellow's whole life."

"Absolutely beside the point. I remarked that your articles are lacking in human interest."

"Whadaya mean,—human interest?"

"Well for instance,—girls!"

"Girls?" said the Veteran blankly. His feet came down with a thud, and he laid aside his book.

"Girls!" repeated his aunt, firmly, primly. Was there just the suspicion of a twinkle in her wise old eyes?

"Girls!" said the Veteran again more blankly than before. "What have they got to do with human interest?"

"Well, aren't they human?"

"Search me!" A pause. "Girls! Huh!" It was plain that the Veteran was struggling with an entirely new idea. Finally he looked up once more. "Well, mebbe they *are* human," he admitted. "I never thought of that."

There could be no doubt about it now. His aunt was smiling. "Algie!" she said tenderly. The Veteran winced. "Well then, —'Spurs', if you prefer a nickname to your own lawful Christian name," she amended. "Will you do me a favor?"

"P'raps," conceded the offended one, ungraciously.

HUMAN INTEREST

"Write your next with something about girls in it, just to please me!"

"Something about girls in it! Aw, have a heart, Aunt Isabel! You know I don't know anything about 'em. I'd only expose my ignorance if I did try to write 'em up."

"But you can learn, Algie,—Spurs, dear. There's Macdonald Hall, you know,—"

"Yeah—uh—huh!! There's Macdonald Hall;—I know!"

"And then there are all the nurses you used to know when you were in hospital, and, let me see,—wasn't there a stenographer in your office last year? And there are so many nice girls in the city, too. You can get all sorts of material, Spurs, dear."

"Yeah, all sorts," said Spurs, dear, morosely. "All sorts is right! My sainted aunt! Haven't I had enough trouble in my young life without lookin' for more? Lemme tell you right now, I've been gassed once, and once is enough. If you think I'm goin' to turn into a pink-tea hound in search of human interest for you, Aunt Isabel, you've got another think coming. Dear and revered old thing, let us drop this painful and unprofitable topic. Why not talk about—"

"Algernon!" The tone was commanding.

"Yes, Aunt Isabel?"

"Write your next article according to my

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specifications, and I promise that never again will I call you 'Algernon!' "

"Nor 'Algie?' "

"Nor 'Algie,' Algie!"

"It's a go," said the Veteran, grinning feebly. "It's worth it!"

Together in Squirrel Run dwelt the Cynic and the Fusser; the one far-famed for knowledge, the other for susceptibility. To them at last came the Veteran in his quest.

"Look here, old timer," said he to the Cynic; "If you were going to write an essay on Women—"

"I'm not!" stated the Cynic, with conviction.

"I know you're not," the inquirer rejoined soothingly. "But I've got to, and I want a few tips. How would you approach such a subject, anyway? The more I study the question, the more blunders I make."

"Sorry I can't stay to help you," said the Fusser; "But it's an easy subject to approach! So long; got a date!"

The Cynic watched his room-mate depart with an air of thoughtful gloom; then remarked pityingly, "Poor gump! She sure has him tied in a knot!" and turned again to his visitor. "Well, Spurs, I'm sorry I can't help you either. I don't know anything about 'em."

HUMAN INTEREST

“Nothing?”

“Well, nothing that’s fit to print!” replied the Cynic,—cynically.

“But, hang it all, I’ve been trying to get a line on this for the last week from every fellow in the Residence,” said the Veteran, dolefully; “They *all* say they don’t know anything about ’em.”

“That’s just it, old son,” said the Cynic; “*Nobody* knows anything about ’em.” There was a pause. Then—

“I’ll tell you *one* thing that’s certain, though,” and he reached into his breast pocket.

“What’s that?”

“A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.”

“Something in that,” said the Veteran musingly,—“Give us a light!”

PERSPECTIVE

WHEN you've marched, say, thirty kilos
with a rifle and a pack;
(Oh, the heavy, heavy rifle and the pack!)
When you've taken the wrong turning, and
you have to trudge it back;
(Hobble, hoof it, slog it,—back!)
When you tell the fellow next you what you
think of Major Grim,
And by a starshell's flicker you discover it is
Him!
When you're detailed for the wiring, and
you're floundering and miring,
And a sudden searchlight switches, and a
whizbang battery's firing,
(Whoooo—ump! Kr-r-r-rash! Kr-r-r-r-ump!)
And you share the nearest shell hole with
another windy three,
Oh, it's great to be a private in the Infan-tree!
Flop and grovel in the mud!
Whee-ee-oosh! Krang! Thud!
Thank the Lord that one's a dud!

PERSPECTIVE

When the night is black and blacker, and the
mud is fetlock deep;

(Oh, the everlasting drizzle and the mud!)

And you're nodding in the saddle, dead and
gone for lack of sleep;

*(Oh, the same old midnight marches through
the mud!)*

When the column's crawling slowly up a
sloppy sunken road,

And a Heinie raider rumbles up and drops
his shrieking load,

And the night is rent with flashes, and the
silence split with crashes,

And the world goes spouting skyward and
comes pattering back in splashes,

(Whizz—whang! Whoof! Bang!)

And you feel your horse atremble and you
shake in sympathy,

Oh, it's great to be a driver in the Artil'-ree!

Wind-up higher than a kite!

Hi, you bonehead, douse that light!

(I don't wanta die to-night!)

BITS O' BRONZE

When the lecture room is stuffy and the lecturer is dull;

(Poor benighted pompous blighter! Beastly dull!)

When you can't tell which varieties possess the thinnest hull;

(Chewing up a half-a-bushel just to estimate the hull!)

When you can't give proper reasons for your placing of the class;

When you disagree with Spotton on the tracing of a grass;

When a test examination fills your soul with consternation,

Remembering these bygone woes may be some consolation,

For in spite of constant plugging every plugger will agree

There are far worse fates than plugging at the O.A.C.!

MOONSHINE

THE night was warm and starry, and the wise old moon—wise from looking down upon so many generations of lovers, discreetly hid himself behind a fleecy cloud. He knew just how invitingly the campus lay down there below, how wonderful are the scents and sounds of early summer, and how many dreamy star-gazers were abroad that night. He knew just how thick and velvety the shadows lay beneath the trees, and how many benches stood among those tempting shades. He knew just how the breeze swept in little fits and starts through the gently-swaying branches, and how musical and faint the chorus of the frogs arose from the lowlands. He knew just how the old grey Residence loomed across the campus, picked out in points of light. He knew—but why go on?—You also know.

A wise and kindly old gentleman is the moon; long and long ago he parted company with that chill huntress Artemis. And so he slipped behind a white and fluffy cloud,

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and pretended to be very busy brightening its edges to glowing silver. "How perfectly heavenly!" cooed the Summer Teacherette, gazing soulfully upward at his handiwork. "Isn't the moonlight simply wonderful?" The moon grinned gently to himself. Trust him,—he knew,—he knew.

The Summer Teacherette and the Summer Teacher strolled on across the campus. They spoke but seldom, and then in monosyllabic undertone; speech was needless; their kindred souls communed in silence. Were they not soul-mates, congenial spirits drawn into affinity by the mysterious fate of man, merged mind and heart from immemorial time? Had they not known and loved one another always, or to be exact, since last Saturday afternoon? Had they not sat together in the palpitating darkness of the Regent, and together watched the fair-haired hero rescue the ox-eyed (and peroxide) heroine; and had not each recognized in the other those traits which rendered the hero and the heroine so heroic and so heroic? Did he not look just like an illustration in a book at home, and she as no illustration in a book could ever hope—or dare—to look? Did he not wear ties that matched his eyes in color, and socks that matched his ties? And were her eyes not a deep rich

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brown, and wasn't there a doctor or somebody who said that brown-eyed maidens make the best wives? And was not his voice gruffly deep and her voice shrilly sweet? And had they not admired the same sunsets, and thought the same great thoughts? Oh, assuredly they were soul mates; what need of idle talk to them? Such silences are golden.

Not that there was nothing to talk about! So many confidences to give, so many plans to make, so many high resolves and deep emotions! And he had such an original brain! And such a wide experience! He could talk for hours of the things that he had done, and seen, and heard, and said. And so sarcastic, too, (not that he was ever sarcastic to her—oh dear no!) But he could be so sarcastic when aroused. If he would only tell you what the Sergeant said to him, and what he said to the Sergeant! But of course he never tells anyone else things like that. . . .

"A bench!" said the Summer Teacher.

"Where?" said the Summer Teacherette.

"There," said the Summer Teacher.

They turned toward the bench across the close-clipped turf, and swished through low bending branches to the secluded recess in which it stood. There was a long, long

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hush. The moon peeped out from behind the edge of his cloud, and then came out from cover to watch. He smiled broadly down upon the quiet nook; he knew,—he knew—

“Ah—,” said the Summer Teacher.

“Um?” said the Teacherette.

“Ah,—ring,” said the Summer Teacher.

“Dearest old thing,” sighed the Teacherette, acquiescingly, and held up a slim finger. Something glittered upon it in the moonlight, something coldly bright and sparkling. Again there was a long and rapturous silence. Then a wandering breeze broke the stillness with shivering whisper through the leaves. The Teacherette raised her hand and regarded the glittering point upon her finger; little white rays darted from it, and made it seem a dancing twinkle of light. A wisp of hair blew trailingly across her eyes; she pushed it back, clasped her hands together, and gave herself once more to contemplation. A faint frown crossed the smoothness of her forehead, the merest shadow of intentness, and she bent to inspect the ring more closely. Could it be? The wise and fatherly old moon smiled still more broadly; he knew,—he knew.—

The Teacherette straightened suddenly. “Do you know, Mr Blankbury,” she said

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with a queer note of apprehension in her voice, "I have the funniest feeling—"

"Don't call me 'Mister'," interrupted Mr. Blankbury. "Call me Reginald or Reggie if you like, but not that. I can never be 'Mister' to you again."

"Well, then, Reginald," said the Teacherette, blushing prettily in the moonlight. "But I must tell you. I have the queerest feeling about this ring. It—it looks familiar somehow,—almost as if I'd seen it before somewhere."

"Now, now, Miss Blankenstein." commenced the Summer Teacher soothingly.

"Don't call me 'Miss' ", interrupted Miss Blankenstein. "Oh, Reginald, am I not still Cecile to you?"

"You are, you are," said the Summer Teacher, tenderly, reassuringly. There was a brief interlude;—then the Teacherette continued.

"But, Reginald dear, I recognize the setting of the stone. I—I'm sure,—I do believe I have seen it somewhere before!"

"Nonsense, nonsense." The Teacher's tone was brusque and convincing, but there was in it that same peculiar apprehensive note. His voice faltered and died away.

The Teacherette sat silent. It was plain that she was struggling with old memories,

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striving to concentrate her thoughts upon the great problem of that agelong moment. Where? Where? . . . She groped fumblingly for the clue to the mystery.

Suddenly she sprang gasping to her feet. "Reginald," she cried in a choked whisper, "Look up at me!" And she turned his face upward into the full moonlight, and fixed it with a gaze of strange intensity. . . .

"I have it!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"Yes?" said the Teacher. The Teacher-ette nodded, bright-eyed, finger at lip.

"Yes," quoth she. "You're the man I was engaged to all the time I was here last summer!"

Again a long, long quiet fell. One by one the Residence lights winked out; the night wind rustled, the frogs chanted unheeded. The moon slid back behind his cloud, and pretended to be very busy touching up its edges with glowing silver. The artful old hypocrite,—he knew—he knew.—

THE FUSSER

IT WAS that witching hour succeeding supper, when rules of Residence vanish, and the Dean becomes even as you or I; the hour of visit and vendetta, when old friendships are revived or old wrongs recalled; the hour of sing-song, war, and water-fight.

Grub Alley has a reputation for ingenuity in breaking regulations, reputations, fan-lights, harmony, and various other assorted breakables, second to none; and being jealous of the said reputation, was this evening endeavoring to surpass all records, not without success. Service vouches for it that "the Northern Lights have seen strange sights;" the electrics of Grub Alley have looked down upon scenes no less weird and wondrous.

The laundry bags had been hung out that day; but, utilized as they were as weapons in violent single combats, it was very doubtful if they would hang out much longer. At the foot of Cataract Hill a hoe-down was in progress; at the opposite end of the street an impromptu wrestling match held its ring of yelling partisans. In a room midway an



"Succumbing to His Vicious Tugs."

THE FUSSER

assembly of enthusiastic choristers, with much more volume than tune, held forth unwearingly and unceasingly to their own delight and the discomfort of their hearers. Across the hall a wailing violin and tortured mandolin wept maudlin tears together. Small conclaves eagerly debated politics, the shortcomings of the Faculty, football, ethics, haircuts, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Behind the carefully bolted door of One-Eleven stood "Big Mac" Macaulay. Ordinarily such ructions would have brought an almost cherubic expression to his high-boned Scotch countenance; but to-night they conveyed no pleasure to the champion rough-and-tumbler of the Alley. He was apparently not in joyous frame; in fact, it was a most lowering face that he scowled at in the mirror. Upon the bureau before him lay the remnants of a tattered tie and a wilted, crumpled collar; a second cravat was rapidly succumbing to his vicious tugs, and his temper was evidently fraying just as rapidly.

Beside him, half-reclining in his chair, sat "Rah-Rah" Carslake, his room-mate; (for Fate, per Cap Gandier, had assigned the most inveterate fusser in residence to his exact opposite, the most persistent non-fusser.) Faultlessly clad from collar to shim-

BITS O' BRONZE

mering pumps, he lay back lazily and smiled at his friend's frantic efforts to attain a like perfection. Long experience had taught him to confine his expression of amusement to smiling silence; but after the complete demolition of the second tie, and the subsequent rummaging for a third, he interjected between several unprintably derogatory remarks concerning ties, their history, manufacture, and ultimate destination—

"Some say the Scotch are stingy; I don't believe it."

"Yuh don't, eh?"

"How much did those cost you, Mac?"

"Don't worry your little self about that; you're not footing the bill."

Silence for the moment; Big Mac is palpably in a black mood; the tie catches on a collar-point and crinkles it into the semblance of a poorly plowed field.

"Well, as I'm responsible, I was just thinking we could go halves on 'em. You see—"

"Responsible! You're not responsible—it's my fault for being such a dog-gone dithering idiot,—let you put it all over me! Never again, so help me Hannah!"

Silence again; the songsters in the next room prepared to leave, to an odd promiscuous burst of melody, and signalized their

THE FUSSER

departure by dumping a bed with its occupants. A muffled crash, and then a confused sound of stamping strife, which swirled up and down the hall, paused a moment, and then redoubled just in front of One-Eleven. A reeling knot of wrestlers crashed into the door, and wallowed on the floor without. The long-delayed explosion came; Mac seized the water-pitcher, strode to the door, leaped atiptoe to the doorknob, and there precariously balancing, flung the pitcher's contents through the open transom. At once there was a smothered swish of water, a startled quiet, and then a scampering of feet and execrations loud and dire. But One-Eleven paid no heed; a little water more or less was nought to them.

Macaulay, somewhat restored to normality by the prospect of a fray, resumed his struggles with the refractory tie; and after a particularly violent series of wrenches turned to his room-mate with triumph in his eye—

“Eureka! I got the brute at last! Now then, where’s my—”

He stopped; dazed unbelief, stony surprise, blank horror, flitted in swift succession across his grim Highland visage, and then gave place to a murderous glare. The collar-end had slipped from its anchoring button and now danced jauntily to and fro, as if trying to



"Phoning 8-3-3"

THE FUSSER

whisper sarcastic tauntings in his ear.

For the first time he realized the full horror of the situation: here he was, due in ten minutes at the Hall, whose customs he did not know; bound by promise to meet a girl whom he had never seen, and to "entertain" her, (save the mark!) for the livelong space of one dragging hour and forty-five crawling mortal minutes. The next time he let Carslake kid him into phoning 8—3—3—but it wasn't Carslake's fault. Why in the name of common-sense had he sat there like a grinning idiot and told her he'd be delighted to come when he knew all the time that he—aw shucks!

"Look here, Carslake, you fix it up for me, won't you? Tell 'em I'm sick—anything! Can't you see what you've let me in for? Well, now get me out of it, for the love of Mike! I'm scared stiff—I'll make some fool break and disgrace you,—an' I'll never get ready in time, an'—"

But his room-mate (inwardly suffocating with laughter) moulded him as putty in his hands, and finally marched him off down the corridor, collared, tied, clothed, and in an approximation of his right mind.

A stealthy step stole up Grub Alley, quiet now, suspiciously quiet, and dark save for the midnight lamp of some late plugger.

BITS O' BRONZE

There came a fumbling at the door of One-Eleven; a match scratched, and the bracket lamp flamed up, flinging a wavering light upon the prowler who returned so late. It was Macaulay. He looked about upon a scene of utter confusion; beds, clothing, chairs, mattresses, everything except the ever-sacred books lay mingled in a strange conglomerate upon the floor. His water-soaked neighbors had taken their revenge.

Yet there came no frown to his face; but a rapt expression as of one who gazes far away rested there, and a pensive smile flickered about the corners of his mouth. He was at perfect peace with all the world. No thought of past failures nor of approaching examinations troubled his entranced spirit. He gazed unseeingly at his reflection in the mirror, and began slowly, mechanically, to remove the tie which had cost him so much trouble, long ago.

A gust of song from a group of late-returning roisterers blew through the transom—

“And I will hold her
Close to my shoulder—”

The confirmed non-fusser emerged from his brown study with a start. For an instant he hesitated; then his voice boomed into the rollicking chorus—

“And in my future life
She's going to be my wife—”

A TALE OF THE YEAR 'EIGHTEEN

THIS is the tale as I heard it, told by a
billet fire,
As I lay full-length on a billet-bed of sagging
chicken-wire,
While overhead the rain dripped down
through the old bomb-shattered tile,
And up the road the transport roared in
never-ending file,
And all around the heavies crashed with
shaking jar and thud,
And the idiot-game went ceaseless on in
darkness, cold and mud,
And the firelight beat on my comrades'
forms as they leaned or lay or stood,
And the rats went rustling through the straw,
—and oh! but to rest was good!
To lie at ease with your tunic loose and watch
the flickering light,
And hope in a dreamy doubtful way that
there'll be no bombs to-night,
And think of the distant days of peace and
all that might have been,
And lazily laugh at the fireside talk and
listen the raindrops' din

BITS O' BRONZE

As they patter down on the broken tile, and
 thank your lucky star
You're dry and warm to-night at least;—
 to-morrow's very far;
And you snuggle down in your old greatcoat
 in the thick and musty gloom,
And that smashed-up billet, rats and all, is a
 regular home from home!

.

The Umpty-umph Canadians, (you'll never
 meet their match,
The gay and gallant gentlemen who wore the
 *Old Green Patch),
Were back on rest in billets; they call it
 “back on rest,”
Some cynical Headquarters bloke's idea of
 of a jest!
They polished brass and leather-work and
 Blancoed webbing white,
And drilled all day, and then for change dug
 trenches half the night.
They did P.T. and monkey-stunts and dress-
 parades and all,
And learned to click their eyelids at the
 Sergeant-Major's bawl.
The Holders of the Salient, the Hunters
 of the Hun,

* (Here read Scarlet, Dark Blue, French Grey, or
Purple, according to preference.)

A TALE OF THE YEAR 'EIGHTEEN

The Conquerors of Passchendaele were taught
again to "Shun!"

Or probed the deeper mysteries: "Right
Turn,—by numbers,—One!"

At last one night the order came for moving
up again,

The Colonel cursed the Brigadier, the
Sergeants cursed the men,

The bugles blared fall in, fall in, the troops
began to form,

And then as per the usual, up blew a sudden
storm;

The skies grow black, the stars fade out, the
wind begins to wail,

And then the grey and chilling rain comes
drifting like a veil

And blotting every landmark out; they hear
a distant cry,

The feet in front begin to tramp, the pipes
are shrilling high;

Again the young Canadians go marching out
to die.

Along the long and cobbled road they dip
and curve and climb,

Clumping across the cobblestones and
squelching through the slime;

Artillery and D.A.C. are pouring down the
road,

BITS O' BRONZE

With clanking chains and clacking hoofs
and rumbling deadly load;
The bone-chilled drivers hunch their backs
and curse their shivering plight,
Tin hats aslant and sheets agleam in faint
uncertain light,
And there a how'zer yelps and flames, and
howling far and high,
A lost and wailing soul, the shell rips through
the midnight sky;
And here an answering shell swoops down
with sudden vicious shriek,
With crash and flash and spouting earth, and
whirling powder-reek.
Now far ahead, blurred green and red, the
wavering Vérys flare,
Above the line they hiss and shine and hang
in middle air.
And on the cursing column creeps, and halts,
and moves again,
And still across the slush and mire comes
whispering the rain,
Sighing of happy days gone by, of days that
come no more,
Old days when we were human men, not
hopeless pawns of war,
Old days of simple quietness, old memories
grown dim,—
Look out! A Heinie bomber's up! Hi,
gunner, douse the glim!

A TALE OF THE YEAR 'EIGHTEEN

So meditated Private Jones, Twelve-Forty-
Eighty-Nine,
Fed-up with three long years in France,
fed-up with rest and line
And bully and Maconochie, and rain and
mud and cold,
And soaking boots and sodden clothes, and
doing as he's told,
And discipline and shining-up and plunging
through the muck,
And life and death and everything,—God!
That's a close one,—duck!

He wheeled and looked for shelter, and as
he turned espied
A glimmering dugout doorway in the sunken
roadway's side;
No time and place for second thought, head
foremost, ventre à terre,
Lee-Enfield, pack, and Private Jones dive
clattering down the stair,
And roll across the dug-out floor with
Kitcheners in air! . . .
He disentangled all his straps, and rose and
stared around
The close and cosy dugout, calm and quiet
underground;
Above his shelter roof he heard the rustling
of the rain,
The whoop and bang of bursting bombs, the
grinding of the plane;

BITS O' BRONZE

Within, a charcoal brazier flung a warm and
cheery glow,

And none was there to bid him stay, and none
to bid him go,

And warmth and safety called to him in
soft seductive tones,—

“I guess I'll stay and steam awhile,” said
Acting-Private Jones.

He took his sopping tunic off and hung it by
the fire,

He took his bayonet and scraped his putties
free from mire,

He stretched himself upon the floor, hands
clasped behind his head,

And basked beneath the brazier's glow as
happy as the dead,

The happy dead who sleep so snug within
each blanket-bed. . . .

At last he rose and donned again his tunic,
pack and all,

And turned to go,—then saw a pile of
sandbags by the wall;—

“Aha!” said Acting-Private Jones, “The
stuff to gie the troops!

They'll keep me dry and warm to-night!”
and with the word he stoops;—

Two sandbags round his shoulders and one
draped down his back,

Two wrapped around as leggings, and two
across his pack,

A TALE OF THE YEAR 'EIGHTEEN

And "These'll help to keep the chill from
old rheumatic bones;
God bless the useful sandbag!" said Acting-
Private Jones.

He turned himself again to go and set his
shoulders square,
But suddenly he heard a step come stumping
down the stair;
Bemonocled and Chaplined, across the gloom
there peers
A one-pip pup of sappers, the Royal En-
gineers.

The young Lieutenant stood and stared; the
light was faint and dim;
He peered at Acting-Private Jones, the
Private peered at him;
And then the sapper broke the spell: "Eh
what! What have we here!
By jove, and all those sandbags! My word!
How deuced queer!
Pray, what's your mob? Canadian? Ah
yes!—Canadian way
To take whatever you require, and never
think of pay!
You consider worth the taking things that
others would not take!
And the thing not worth the taking, that
you take for taking's sake!"

BITS O' BRONZE

The Private drew to his fullest height, and
he stood right soldierly;
Beneath the shadowing helmet-rim his eyes
danced merrily;
A smile played over the youthful face with
its graven lines of gloom,
The deep-carved lines of fear and hate, and
the eyes that have looked on doom;
And his voice had a lilt and ripple like a
brooklet over stones,—
“You’re right, sir! We took *Passchendaele!*”
said Acting-Private Jones.

*This is the tale as I heard it, told by a billet
fire,
As I lay full-length on a billet-bed of sagging
chicken-wire,
And the idiot-game went ceaseless on in the
darkness, cold and mire.*

SCARLET AND PURPLE

“**I** SAY, old chap, you know,” said the young gentleman who affects Anglicisms on the strength of four months in Whitley camp; “I say, you know, just look up for a moment from that rot you’re scribbling, and—”

“Now looka here,” said the Veteran, reaching for the ink well; “If I have any more lip from you, my son, out you go on your ear; you’re not with your Craig Street gang of desperadoes now, remember! How d’you think I can ever compose The Great Canadian Epic when you keep butting in at the critical moment?”

“The Great What?” inquired the offender.

“Aw, what’s the use?” the Veteran retorted bitterly; “It’s no use trying to appeal to your finer sensibilities; y’ain’t got any. One of these days I’ll immortalize you in verse for the unsympathetic soulless wop you are! Then where’ll you be?”

“Search me!” replied the soulless one, impatiently. “I hope it’s beyond range of the sort of stuff you write, anyway. What’s the latest brainstorm?”

BITS O' BRONZE

“Well,” said the Veteran, thoughtfully, “I suppose an unsympathetic audience is better than none at all—but see here, you; I don’t want any literary criticism from the fellow who told Dr. Stevenson that Hannibal was a character in the Bible, see? You listen respectfully and say nothing.”

And he read with conscious pride:

“There’s a ridge to the northward of Arras,
Which Fritz held for many a day,
And our lines in the valley he’d harass
In the most incon-sid-erate way;
But when we explained this to him he
Decided to move off the rim,
And still they are calling it Vimy,
Because it was taken with *vim*!”

The audience choked; the Veteran stopped and fixed upon him a severely suspicious gaze. The listener’s eyes were closed; his features were set, and his expression sternly reflective; obviously, his thoughts were far away—perchance upon the heights of Vimy.

“Well,” said the Veteran, mollified by that touching thought; “What was it you were going to say at first?”

“Why, I was just going to remark that here it’s Fall again, College Heights alive with students, and we’re not there. Remember how the sun pours down on the Hill these golden Indian Summer days? The

SCARLET AND PURPLE

grey old Residence drenched in sunlight, with the vines shining glossy-green on the walls,—that's my picture of the College. Or one of these rainy fall evenings, with a grey drizzle slanting down, and the windows blazing across the campus,—that's worth remembering! The old grey tower and the long grey walls mean a lot to us, old chap; more than we realize until we've left them for better or for worse; we never really see the Hill until we leave it."

"I wonder what sort of go of it they're going to make this year," the Veteran reflected. "You remember the time last year everybody wanted to know 'What's wrong with the O.A.C.?' Wonder if they've found out yet?"

"That's easy enough," said the other, dogmatically. "The trouble with the O.A.C. is the same as the trouble with the rest of the world,—the people in it! As long as you've got a bunch of knockers and grouzers in the student body and faculty, who won't do anything themselves, and get sore if anybody else does try to make a move, there's going to be something wrong with the O.A.C.! As long as half the members of executives leave all the work for the other half, and then try to grab all the credit, and as long as —"

"Steady now! Isn't that pretty sweeping?"

BITS O' BRONZE

“Not a bit of it!”

“Well, you’ve got to admit that there’s a lot of improvement in some things anyway,” insisted the Veteran. “Look at that new road up the Hill, for instance. There’s an improvement for you, Bill. Do you remember what a mudwallow that old one was? It used to look like a turnip field in distress.”

“Uh-huh,” said the other absently; he was evidently thinking of something else. For several minutes there was nothing said; each was busy with his own thoughts. Then Bill continued irrelevantly—

“D’you remember the road back to Anzin?”

“Do I? Why, we were out on rest at Anzin two or three times back in ’18. One of the funniest performances I ever saw was pulled off at Anzin one night when we were there—”

“What was that?”

“Why, we’d just pulled into billets out on the outskirts that day, and a bunch of us went down to the nearest estaminet after tea. The place was full of Jocks of the 51st Territorials—toughest fighting-men in all creation, catch-as-catch-can, no holds barred come one come all,—you know their record,—everybody does. There were quite a

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few Fifth Divvy artillerymen too; they'd been in supporting the kilts, and had come out with them. Everything was going along fine—I remember old Jack M'Gregor—you knew Jack? Jack was trying to tell that old yarn of his about the Irishman and the Jew—the one he never could finish for laughing,—so you can guess things were going along all right; not uproarious, you understand, just merry an' bright, as the Woodbines used to say.

“Well, a bunch of First Division fellows blew in, and they started right in at their old game of ragging the Fifth about this, that, an' the other—you know how it used to go: shot short at Passchendaele and all that stuff. Now you know as well as I do that the Fifth weren't within forty miles of Passchendaele, so it's no wonder that sort of talk got underneath their skins. As old Jack says to me—he was rather peeved over having his pet story interrupted,—‘I'll bet half these First Divvy guys that are always calling the Fifth ‘Last Hopes’ and ‘Conchies’ have box-car numbers themselves. You put a Red Patch on their arms and they begin to kid themselves they were sittin' up on Hill 60 waitin' for the war to start!’ Old Jack wasn't so far out either, even if he couldn't get his old favorite off his chest.

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"Anyway, these bright-eyed loons kept on pestering the Purple Patches until it looked like a general scrap and the bust-up of a perfect evening. An' just then a big kiltie steps out from the lineup at the counter, right out into the middle of the room, and starts to unbutton his tunic very carefully. He did it so deliberately that everybody stopped to watch him. He was one of these six-foot, brawny, bandy-legged huskies that can hit like a thousand of brick, and as hard as nails. When he got his tunic unbuttoned he kind of drew himself up and turned toward the crowd.

"‘Noo then,’ he says. ‘Gin ony o’ye hae onything tae say aboot the Fufth ye can say’t tae us. The Fufth has been sup-poor-r-tin’ us for twa months, an’ we like them fine. They’re gey guid lads; an’ they’ve backed us up weel—damn weel; an’ noo we’ll back them up! Fa’oot the Jocks!’

"Well, say! It sounded like a couple of dozen hives of bees swarming. The Jocks crowded around him about eight deep, and the First fellows didn’t know which way to look. ‘Weel,’ calls the Highlander across the crowd to a sergeant who seemed to be more or less in charge of the Firsts. ‘Weel, whut are ye gaun for tae dae aboot ut?’ The sergeant looks rather sheepish,—they all

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did, for that matter,—and then he mumbles something about ‘only kidding.’ ‘Huh!’ says the Jock, starting to button his tunic again. ‘Ye’ll be kiddin’ yersels intae the street, Ah’m thinkin’. Tak’ my advice; dinna kid they Fufth buddies when ther’s Jocks about!’ ”—

“And then?” said Bill.

“That was all there was to it,” replied the Veteran. “The First lads shut up like clams, and began to drift out of the ’staminet, and the Jocks and the Fifth were thicker than thieves. And old Jack M’Gregor started in for about the fifth time—”

“Oh, dry up about Jack M’Gregor and his yarn,” interrupted the other with some heat. “Do you know what time it is?”

“About half-past one, I suppose?”

“Half-past one! You’ve got no more idea of time than a Grand Trunk train. It’s ten past two, and I’ve missed an appointment listening to your blithering!” Away he went.

“What’s got into Bill all of a sudden?” thought the Veteran as he gazed after his hurrying friend. Then he chuckled.

“Holy-Lightning!” said he. “I never thought of that!—Old Bill was in the First Division!”

THE HARVESTING

HAUPTMANN Ernest Obermann, officer commanding the 261st Bavarian Field Artillery, unclamped the field telephone from his close-cropped iron grey head, and reached for his map case. "Kellner remains in charge here; Wulfgang comes up to the guns with me," he directed, fitting on the heavy shrapnel helmet and clattering up the dugout-stairs to open air. There was a hasty "Zu Befehl, Herr Hauptmann," and an instant later the young Leutnant Wulfgang joined him; together they set off between ripening wheat-fields up the shell-torn road toward the front. The heavy guns stood wheel-deep among the uncut wheat; cunningly contrived screens of wheat covered them, and wheaten camouflage, glimmering black, silver, gold in the uncertain light, hung in fringes above their projecting muzzles.

It was late—well past midnight—and the roads were beginning to clear. The ammunition carts and ration wagons were coming back from the guns, jolting and rattling over the rough track. Here and there a

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howitzer flashed and barked, and a shell wailed mournfully away into the distance; occasionally a far-away thud heralded the howling approach and metallic report of an answering shell; but the front was quiet. There was none of that dull, ominous rumble which had disquieted the divisional command on previous nights; the shelling was desultory and aimless; the night was so silent that the Hauptmann and his companion could hear far away on their left the swish—whang—crash!—of a bombing plane at work, and thought that they could distinguish in the unusual hush the hiss of the ascending Véry lights which rose, hung, and faded over No Man's Land, two kilos to their front. Far to the right the sky flamed suddenly, the earth shook slightly beneath them, a soft "plouf—pluff—flouf" reached their ears, and they knew that to-morrow's communique would bear the statement that "on the Sacreville sector, Allied ammunition dumps were exploded by our artillery fire."

In spite of the stillness—perhaps because of it—Obermann felt vaguely uneasy. According to the information he had received from his Oberst that evening, the combined French, British and American attack to the south had been completely broken up; the Montdidier—Soissons—Rheims salient had been success-

BITS O' BRONZE

fully evacuated; Canadian infantry had been identified in the north preparing an assault on Mont Kemmel which would prove as costly to them as Passchendaele; the Austrians were known to be weakened by their counter attacks of the late spring; and no Allied army had sufficiently recovered from the heavy losses of men and material sustained in the great drive to launch a fresh offensive. On this Amiens front all was quiet, and likely to remain so, this morning of the Eighth of August, in the year of grace and slaughter, 1918.

Nevertheless, the Hauptmann felt a restless disquietude stealing over him. As the pair turned off the main road into the field of ripened wheat in which his battery-position was concealed, this feeling was intensified;—in Bavaria also the grain-fields would be ripe, and the women reaping; their husbands and sons had died at Tannenberg, at the Marne and Ypres, in the blood-baths of the Somme, before Verdun and Warsaw, frozen in the Carpathians, shattered by the mines of Vimy and Messines Ridge, weltering in the mud of Passchendaele, mowed down in swaths in the last great drives; and those few who survived, broken for life or dodging imminent death from day to day. And still the ghastly game went on. The Fatherland was drained of

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manhood for a century to come; too high a price for world-empire—even if world-empire were still possible— . . .

“Herr Hauptmann!” He looked up into the flushed, accusing face of the youthful Leutnant Wulfgang. Still in his meditative mood he thought of the boy as he had known him,—centuries ago, it seemed, yet after all, just four years,—a round-faced eighteen-year-old in Professor Obermann’s classes in the staid old Bavarian University town; surely this stern, lined face with the hard and haunted eyes was not the same; and yet—; how cruel, how tragic it was, this murder of the youth of the world— . . .

“Herr Hauptmann! You have been thinking aloud!” Again the accusing voice broke in upon his thought. “Such thoughts are treason;—treason to Emperor and Empire, and to our German destiny! We are the over-lords; we are the leaders, the rulers, the supermen! These sport-soft English and their hireling Colonials can never over-rule our destiny!” The boy’s voice broke with excitement; a group of gunners standing rigidly to attention near the first gun of the battery broke into an instantly-suppressed cheer.

There came a whine, a scream, a roar, a clanging crash; a tall black spout of earth

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leaped into the air; tree-shaped like that fatal tree which Mount Vesuvius bore of old over doomed Pompeii. The gun whirled like a live thing, striking down the gunners. The earth reeled with noise; rending, tearing, fiendish, soul-shaking clamor; the sizzling shriek and sharp, double report of shrapnel, the savage screech and whip-like crack of high explosives, the vicious ringing whir of ricochets, all against a background of lesser noises,—the rapid thudding of the Allied field-guns, the sudden riveting clatter of machine-guns, the whistles calling up the gunners. Hauptmann Obermann went down, stunned by a flying fragment; and the youthful Leutnant Wulfgang, with a look of blank amazement upon his tired young face, toppled sidelong to earth. The grey steel helmet rolled away; a thin stream of red began to trickle through his fair curls; and his outspread fingers clutched and drew over him the brown-and-golden nodding-headed wheat.

Twenty minutes later Hauptmann Obermann came dazedly back to earth and war again. A seemingly endless brown stream of cavalry was pouring eastward down the cart-track by which he had come up only half an hour before. Behind the cavalry came battery after battery of horse-artillery at the

THE HARVESTING

trot, chains jingling, guns lurching and bounding along, drivers slouching at ease in their saddles. Even as he watched, the leading squadrons left the road and extended across country behind a low ridge; the batteries wheeled sharp left and right, formed line, and swept forward to their positions in rear of the lines of halted horsemen. As the last gun-group reached its place far out upon the flank, a single shrill whistle screamed from the roadway, and the whole mass resumed its eastward sweep; for an instant bobbing helmets and spider-legged horses stood out upon the ridgetop, then sank and disappeared. The Hauptmann rubbed his eyes and stared into the lightening east; two tanks clanked and rumbled up the little hill, but the cavalry had passed like a dream in the grey dawning.

A yelping report close at hand drew his attention; he turned his head. A little knot of khaki-clad gunners was man-handling one of the two remaining guns of his battery into reverse position; the other was already in action, its lean muzzle pointing skyward and eastward. As he gazed the trail of the first was dropped, and the men clustered around the breach. The Hauptmann groaned and sat up. A young Corporal approached him, shouting over his shoulder to the gunners as he came—"Percussion, extreme

BITS O' BRONZE

range, gunfire!" The gun barked, recoiled, and ran up; almost instantly it crashed again, and again; all around other captured guns were joining the chorus.

The Hauptmann summoned all his dignity and all his English. "I wish to surrender to an officer," said he.

"Sorry, old top," replied the other cheerfully. "Guess I'll have to do; we haven't got an officer with us. This your outfit?"

The Hauptmann noticed with surprise that the man wore Canadian shoulder-badges; what were Canadians doing on this front? They were supposed to be at Kemmel. The Corporal saw his bewildered look and unceremoniously lifted him to his feet.

"Are these your men?" he asked, pointing to a near-by trench, where a grinning Canadian stood guard over a huddling group of field-greys. Obermann nodded; he could not speak. .

"Well, fall 'em in and march 'em back," ordered the corporal. "You're in charge, under the guard, of course. And the sooner you get 'em out of here the better. Hop to it!" He turned away.

The Hauptmann paused for a moment. A battery of field-artillery went past at a spanking trot; then a brown and sturdy battalion of reserve infantry began to swing

THE HARVESTING

by in column of route. As far as he could see across the plain, transport, guns and men were on the move; and save for a few straggling prisoners and wounded, the whole movement went steadily, irresistibly eastward.

He looked for the last time at his battery position. His two guns were still crashing rapidly; the others stood useless among the trampled wheat. Beside the nearest lay the youthful Leutnant Wulfgang, his face concealed by the tangled yellow straw. The Hauptmann observed with some interest that much of the grain had been threshed out of the drooping wheat-heads, leaving only the bright and empty chaff.

Far away the guns were flailing other fields of wheat.



"Spats and a Cane, and Opinions"

WISDOM

THE Words of a Recent Graduate, which are as Solomon's:—

Who is he that goeth clothed in purple and fine linen? Is it not the Learned Man, the Beer-Esses-Ack? Nay, nay, not so, my son! 'tis a bricklayer's second deputy-assistant-hod-carrier-in-waiting, who by his own unholpen merits attained that lofty post.

And behold, his FIRST commandment was,—Six days shalt thou loaf and do all thy striking; and upon the seventh arise, and bestir thyself, and do a little, yea, a very little work to keep thy hand in; and it shall not be reckoned against thee; for art thou not also called a workman, albeit in jest?

And the SECOND was like unto it, thus,—Get Away With It; for you can fool All the People Some of the Time. . . .

But thou, when thou goest forth, think not so; but take heed, and stretch forth thy hand, and lay hold upon whatsoever thou findest to do, and that lustily; for even now the tide turneth, and the folk call for workmen who will WORK; the work of the world

BITS O' BRONZE

must be done, and there is no help for it; therefore must thou labor, although with groanings and searchings of spirit. . . .

Hearken thou therefore, O my son, unto the word of wisdom, and bow thine ear unto the voice of instruction; bear thyself humbly in the walk of knowledge, and pay apparent respect unto the opinions of the elders; that thou mayest in the latter days attain eminence and wear an aura of dignity; yea, haply shalt thou sport spats and a cane, and impressively deliver opinions of thine own, thy very own; thine,— and the Editor's of the "Early Morning Shriek". . . .

My son, pay heed to advice; but chiefly pay heed to the adviser. For all men may learn much from other men, though mayhap little from their words; and from the meanest mayst thou learn how not to do it. And when thou hast listened unto all, take thou the hundredth part therof, and for the rest, cast it aside; for it is cheap stuff. . . .

In the days of thy learning, while there is yet time, learn thou to drive a Ford; so shalt thou go far, and perchance, if the gods be not offended with thee, thou shalt return safely, and the Government shall supply thee with gas. . . .

If thou shouldst have dealings with men, going much up and down among them, watch

WISDOM

for the button or the trick of speech of the Returned Soldier; and unto such speak as man to man, in whatsoever post thou be; for it is written, Thou Shalt Not Kid the Troops. . . .

Remember ever that this is a small world, and that thou art small within it; therefore be not puffed up, neither boast thyself as great; for cometh one who knoweth thee, and saith, "Why, such an one is thus and thus, and on a time was dog-robber to a one-pip wonder"; then art thou suddenly deflated, and as the measure of thy former greatness was, so shall thy present smallness be. Take heed, therefore, and exalt thyself not grossly, but as it were by inference. For the end of the unskilful liar is sadness. . . .

But thou, when thou liest, put on the soft pedal, and lie reasonably that thou mayest be believed of men; neither forget the lies which thou hast framed; for the inconsistent liar is an abomination; yea, he openeth his mouth and putteth his foot in it. But what saith the prophet, Nah Poo? "Is it not written, Watch your Step? and again, Keep your Eye on the Ball?" . . .

In the consulship of Drury, George Rex reigning in Britannia, and another George being proconsul upon College Heights; Caesar also being Imperator in the Bug Department;

BITS O' BRONZE

then knew I a warrior of the Canadians; such an one would constantly say unto us, "Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut, until you learn the game." And we listed his words, for that he had been there, and knew the stuff to gie the troops. . . .

But chiefly, O my son, be of good cheer and a lofty heart; for what saith the proverb? Is it not written in the books of the scribes, and worthy of remembrance, how it was held of all good fighting-men of old time;—It's a Great Life,—If You Don't Weaken. .

The words of a Recent Graduate, which are as Solomon's.

RUGBY, 1915.

CHILL blue the sky; bright sun beyond
the blue;

White frost-rime glimmering 'neath the
crimsoned trees;

The crouching line awaits the quarter's cue;
The taut nerves tingle to the biting breeze.

Wild thud of struggling feet upon the turf;
Tense stubborn swaying of that sinewy
shield;

The swirling shiver, as of breaking surf,
And then the spiral sweeping down the field!

O mimic game of war, whose stress and strain
Builds sturdy self-reliance, void of fear,
Builds stalwart men of muscle, brawn and
brain—

Where are thy “muddied oafs” of yester-
year?—

On fruitful farm, or far across the sea,
They hold the line,—the line of liberty.

THE TREE

When first my young forefather crossed the
 sea,
He hewed and hammered from the forest wild
A slabbed small cabin for his wife and child;
And by the cabin door he set a tree
To bear bright apples in the years to be.
Long time it grew and flourished, fruitful-
 smiled,
Above the amber Otter, wood-enisled,
And still it leans beneath the hillside's lee.

The vanished woodlands now are farming
 lands;
The highroad runs where once the cabin
 stood;
Gone long ago those pioneering hands
And scattered far who bear his name and
 blood;
But still the Otter rolls its clear-brown flood
And still the sturdy tree he planted stands.

OBLIVION

After the pikes of Alexander passed,
After he came with huge world-conquering
stride,

Sudden and glorious, god-born, deified,
Deadly and swift and terrible, a blast
Toppling old empires, striking kings aghast
From Nile to far Hydaspes;—then he died
And all his Macedonians mad with pride
Seized sword and sceptre over Asia's vast,—

A Hellene kingdom in Bokhara rose,
Throve mightily and flourished, failed and
fell;

Dim is the old report of friends and foes,
The crash and roar of fight, the savage yell
Remote and faint;—their loves, their joys
and woes,

Their hopes and dreams and agonies, who
knows?

Who cares?—The last despairing sorties fail,
The hopeless rally breaks beneath the wall,
The Tartars swarm exultant over all,
The choked streets rave with slaughter,
 women wail,
Babes shriek, men die defiant, cowards quail,
In Ares fane the last defenders fall,
High spout the flames above the sacred hall
And arching wide the flaring embers hail.

Then too life seemed grim mockery to weep
With death and ravin, famine, fire and fear,
But see—these many centuries they sleep
Secure, serene, withdrawn;—so year on year
Drowning our fevered days in silence deep,
Quiet and kind, Forgetfulness shall sweep.

PAY

TODAY, at home in Canada,
 (In Canada, today!)
I heard a man of Canada,
Canadian freeman, say:
“These men returned to Canada,
What claim on us have they?—
They always drew their pay!”
*(Ah God! The pay they’re drawing
In Canada, today!)*

The dead who died for Canada,
 (Ah, far and far away,)
The broken lives of Canada,
What have they now to say?
For mud and blood and agony,
For hope and heart’s decay,
They always drew their pay!
*(Ah God! The pay they’re drawing
In Canada, today!)*

O you who sit in Canada,
At home, in peace, today,
Who stayed secure in Canada
Because *they* did not stay,—
Who bore the cross for Canada
And did not count the pay;—
Well,—what have you to say?
 (In Canada, today?)
*(Ah God! The pay they’re drawing
In Canada, today!)*

WHEN PHYLLIS SINGS

When Phyllis sings
THEN I forget the petty things,—
The irksome things of every day,
The trifles set with little stings,
The weariness of common clay,
The paltrinesses magnified,
The works unwrought, the hopes denied,
And evil's sordid triumphings,
When Phyllis sings.

When Phyllis sings
Then I remember many things,—
The glitterings of sun-flung spray,

The flash and swerve of speedy wings,
The vivid-wakening green of May,
The rustlings of wind-ruffled leaves,
And slow rains dripping from the eaves,
And drowsy sweet imaginings,
When Phyllis sings.

BALLADE OF CEDAR ISLAND

SUMMER sunlight the bright lake blesses,
Dancing waters dispel all care;
Gone—forgot are the week's distresses,
Fled—dissolved in the lucent air.
Little wavelets are leaping fair,
Flashing and gleaming like diamonds strewn,
Glinting and glancing like jewels rare,
All on a summer's afternoon.

Over the water and water cresses,
Pine trees filter the dazzling glare;
Bright it streams through their mazes,
Flinging a chequered tracery there
Over the rock outcroppings bare,
Quivers and shifts from your dainty shoon
Up to your sunflecked, floating hair,
All on a summer's afternoon.

Lady sweet with the raven tresses,
Gracious and graceful and debonair,
Formed for laughter and love's caresses,
Gay yet gentle beyond compare;
None may know just how fair you were
As you lay and listened the wavelets' croon,
And the sunlight streamed on your tendril'd
hair,
All on a summer's afternoon.

Princess, this is thy servant's prayer,
Fate and the Graces grant this boon:
Love and a happy life and fair—
Fair as a summer's afternoon.

ARMISTICE NIGHT

FAR off at first and faint is heard,
 (Afloat ethereal and thin,
Fresh twitterings of a wakening bird,)
 The spirit-piercing violin;
And then a harsher note breaks in,
 And lightsome feet lead off the dance,
And loud and louder swells the din;—
 Forgotten lie our lads in France.

And now the tender-whispered word
 Has tinged with rose the pearly skin;
And now the throng to motion stirred
 The easy sway and swirl begin;
With flash and spurt from clasp and pin
 Back leaps the light in dart and glance,
And gaily goes the sparkling spin;—
 Forgotten lie our lads in France.

Gay as some brilliant scene conjured
 By friendly Afrite, Sprite, or Djinn,
To pleasure Christian maid immured
 By bar and scimitar within
The Court of Sultan Saladin,
 Or Paynim ruler of Romance
To whom the Faery Queen was kin;—
 Forgotten lie our lads in France.

Remember? Nay, to pause is sin:
 On with the merry madding dance!—
This is the Peace they died to win:
 Forgotten lie our lads in France.

AFTERGLOW

WHENAS the clouds are stricken
 With day's last archeries,
When gleaming lamp-lights quicken
 Against mist-greying skies,
And darkening shadows thicken,
 And sunset slowly dies—

Whenas the ghosts of gloaming
 Are thronging through your room,
And the flickering firelight only
 Fitful dispels the gloom,
And your thoughts turn, drear and lonely,
 To the yearlong Days of Doom—

The memories that madden,
 Sweet, stinging-sweet, and stern,
The fruitless dreams that sadden
 Of those we love, and mourn,
Whose coming ne'er will gladden,
 Who nevermore return—

The bitterness we borrow
 From others' carefree way,
The unavailing sorrow
 Which saps the soul away,
The hopeless lorn to-morrow,
 The empty yesterday—

O weary heart and grieving,
Have done with vain regret;
Look forth and see, believing,
Altho' the sun is set,
Upon the pinnacles of cloud
His shaft-light lingers yet:

Barbaric red and glowing gold
And violet and silver sheen,
And crimson-purple as of old,
The swarthy Tyrian might unfold
To grace some dusky queen.

THE OTHER RANK

(The main Entrance is reserved for Officers and Nursing Sisters only. Other Ranks must climb the hill and enter by the rear.—*Standing Order, Granville Canadian Special Hospital, Buxton, 1918-1919.*)

He was good enough for Flanders, he was
good enough for France,
He was good enough to hold the battering
foe;
He was good enough to drive them when the
whistles screamed "Advance!"
And the gallant lads went over, row on row;
Helmets low!
He was good enough for fighting, he was
staunch and firm and true,

THE OTHER BÀNK—*Continued*

He was good enough for work and wound
and woe,
Bur he isn't ornamental in his rusty wrinkled
blue,
. . . (And he only did his duty as a
man is bound to do) . . .
So let him take the up-hill road and come the
back-way through,
—Though he's broken and he's crippled and
the way is hard to go——
For . . . he isn't ornamental, don't
you know? Be it so . . .

Democracy and Liberty and Right he battled
for,
But words like these are only words for those
who won the war,
For they aren't ornamental, don't you know?
Be it so. . . .

(This verse, conspicuously posted upon the
doorway in question, led to the withdrawal
of the order.)

TO BARBARA

A VALENTINE

SINCE our remote ancestors hung
Prehensile-tailed the boughs among,
Or loudly chattering swayed and swung
Through bowers green and arborous,
Man's climbed life's ladders rung by rung
Till now skyscrapers harbour us,
And supercivilized, his tongue
Denounces this old world when young
As barbarous,—most barbarous!

But still that ancient blood we bear
Of ape, or caveman in his lair,
Or blue-stained Briton long of hair,
Our modern veins makes merry in;
And even the mildest has his share
Of Celt and Goth and Aryan;
For everyone conceals somewhere
Beneath the civil surface fair
The primitive barbarian;
Yes, each, however well-disguised,
How polished and how civilized,
Is still at heart barbarian.—

So, lady, thus I close my verse,
And fold it thus and send it you;
There is no moral to rehearse
Except—the tale is *doubly* true,
For he who pens this limping line,
The cynical and wary 'un,
Now finds, by good St. Valentine.
Himself a true Barbarian!

A BALLADE OF BOTAN Y

I DO not bear the brand of Cain,
I know not love, I know not hate,
Yet like the melancholy Dane
I daily grow still more distraight,
As gloomily I meditate
On fading dreams of a degree
And all my fondest hopes frustrate,
For I'm a dub at Botanee.

Long time I strove to cram my brain
With "lemma," "glume," "paniculate:"
Long time I strove, but strove in vain
No matter how I'd concentrate.
I used to be a cheerful skate,
And nothing ever worried me,
But now my mood is desperate,
For I'm a dub at Botanee.

When Alexander, Persia's bane,
Found Phrygia's knot so obstinate,
His keen bronze sheared the tangled skein,
And hence it is men call him great:
This puzzle's far too intricate
For solving with a snickersnee;
And so my woes accumulate,
For I'm a dub at Botanee.

O Howitt, Keeper of the Gate!
Give ear unto my frenzied plea,
Or I must face a failure's fate,
For I'm a dub at Botanee!

COOK HOUSE

CONSIDER now the raw recruit,
The awkward squad's forlornest mute,
He knows no soldiering at all;
He cannot march or ride or shoot,
He knows no other bugle call;—
But when the cookhouse trumpets toot,
He's right on hand the first of all!

Consider now the veterän:
A warrior he since war began,
Mighty in speech but weak in deed;
Fed-up, a much abuséd man,
Full of strange oaths for every need;
But spite of all he's in the van
When bugles blare the call for feed!

Consider next the utter dub:
His highest thought, the corner Pub;
As thumbs are all his fingers five;
He cannot tell the tire from hub

Or breech from bore, howe'er he strive;
But when the trumpet goes for grub
He's wide awake and much alive!

Consider now the brainy chap,
His high brow bulging through his cap:
The pessimist with all his woes;
The optimist, or that poor yap
Whose talk is all of girls he knows;

The Red, the Black, the White, the Jap,
They're all right there when messcall blows!

For you can take the young Canuck
And break his heart or break his head,
And hand him out the toughest luck,
And fill him full of steel and lead;
But till he fails to come for chuck
You're never sure that he is dead!

THE ARTILLERYMAN'S FAREWELL

HORSES, harness, wagons, guns,
Steelwork, brasswork, bandoleers,
Messtins, saddles, whizbangs, Huns,
Grooming, bombing, bombardiers,

Limbers, lanyards, gas-masks, mokes,
Breech-blocks, spanners, quick-releases,
Halters, helmets, Belgians, blokes,
Polish, polebars, tugs and traces,

Fusing, firing, S. O. S.,
Dugouts, darkness, double duty,
Wind-up, hardtack, muck and mess,
"Five more kilos!"—"Curse that cootie!"

Horselines, hoofpicks, "Water," "Feed,"
Nosebags, haynets, sack and bale,
Sights, Mark VII, Dial, keyed,
Trigger, traverse, rangedrum, trail,

“Shrapnel, cordite, fuse Eight—Oh!”
“Lyddite, ballistite, charge three!”
“Three-two-fifty!”—“Let ’er go!”
“Right repeat!”—“Sweep one degree!”
Never again, so help me Joe,
Never again no more for me!

PRACTICAL JOHN

*The tale of a solid citizen
Successful and admired of men:*

O MY friend John is a practical man;
And so when the great world war began
And other men marched to meet the foe,
John stayed behind and—let them go.

And it came to pass as more and more
Impractical fools flocked off to war,
That John discovered when they were gone
That the gap could be filled by—such as John.

And so he rose from his place obscure
To a post important and secure,
With a monthly pay which would very near
Support a soldier for a year;

And thus he settled himself for life,
And built a house, and married a wife,
And dodged the draft and carried on,
Our indispensable, sensible John.

Now my friend John drives a rakish car
And smokes a rakish black cigar,
And is known to all of his kith and clan
As a model modern business man;

*Yet I sometimes think in my sinful pride
I'd rather be one of the lads who died.*

MARCH, 1918.

*"Stranger, go tell the Lacedaemonians that we
lie here, obedient to their commands."*

WHEN at long last the strife is done
And you who live look back on war,
And sadly enter, one by one,
The items of the ghastly score,—
Whatever failings you deplore,
Whatever weakness mar our sheet,
For us one strength stands evermore,—
Canadians do not retreat.

When stalled the tank and stilled the gun
And silenced all the barrage roar,
When you shall know what's lost and won
And who the brunt of battle bore,
And whether Peace we struggled for
Be Peace indeed or but a cheat,
Forget all else—save evermore
Canadians do not retreat.

Whether we live to see the sun
Flame through the maples as of yore,
Whether the death we seek and shun
Shall lay us here in mud and gore,
Whate'er the future hold in store
Of stern success or mad defeat
We know not—save that evermore
Canadians do not retreat.

Canadian, in the deep heart's core
When life and peace again are sweet,
Remember us who come no more;—
Canadians do not retreat.

TO THE LASS O' DREAMS

WORDS cannot catch the flying Thoughts
Nor Thought o'ertake the formless,
Dream

And we who seek the vanished Gleam
Find nevermore the thing we sought;
But here, my lady, you may see
A part of all you are to me. . . .

From scowling clouds revivifying rain;
After long hopeless prisoning, release;
After the weary waiting and the pain,
Peace.

Out of the deepest darkness, dawning fair,
Lighting a world to wildered souls agrope;
After the bitter broodings of despair,
Hope.

After the toil and tumult, restful breath,
Forgetfulness and quiet after strife;
After the dread imaginings of death,
Life.

Out of the earth-fouled water and the slime,
Lovely and cleanly-sweet, the lily-flower;
Out of the hand of all-destroying Time,
The Hour.

O FRIENDS O' MINE

OFRIENDS o'mine who fell in fight
Beneath a foreign sky,
Because ye greatly loved the right,
And, greatly, dared to die;
Remember ye the broken man,
Your friend in days gone by,
Who dared, but did not die?

O friends o'mine who fell in fight,
My friends in days gone by,
Remember now the broken man
Who fell but did not die;
O help ye him to hold the right
Ye loved so, still on high,
And live, who did not die.



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